THE LADY'S

WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

" To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
" To raise the genius, and to mend the heart."

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THE HIGHWAYMAN.

(Concluded.)

THE trier of this dangerous and unlawful experiment immediately turned his horse, and descending the hill, soon met the gentleman's carriage: requesting the driver to stop, he advanced to the door, without any appearance of violence, and, in a gentle tone, with head uncovered, thus addressed the person in it.

" Sir, the urgency of want must be my apology for this abrupt application; myself, a wife, and an infant family, are in want of support; our customary resources have vanished; you are plentifully supplied with the means, have you the inclination effectually to serve me ?"

The gentleman, considering what he said, as the common-place cant of mendicant imposture, by which the hearts of the frequenters of London are so naturally, but too indiscriminately hardened, but not able wholly to resist so impressive an address, twisted all his loose silver in a paper, and giving it to the petitioner, ordered the post-boy to drive on.

" This trifle, I am sorry to say," observed the highwayman, as he looked over the contents of the paper, " this trifle is not at all adequate to the pressure I feel; it will scarcely provide food for my family ten days.

" A fifty pound bank note, which will not be missed, in your abundance, would remove all my difficulties, and give me time to apply to a wealthy relation, in a neighbouring kingdom.

" If you can prevail on yourself to afford me this assistance, you shall have my name and address; this will enable you to have positive occular proof that you have not been imposed upon, and I shall endeavour, by diligence and friends, to recover my place in society."

" You are troublesome, ungrateful, and impertinent," said the gentleman, somewhat irritated: " can you suppose that I am to be duped by so shallow an artifice? Can you expect me to give so serious a sum, to a man whose face I never saw before, and probably shall never see again? I will do no such thing; you are mistaken in your man; post-boy, I insist on it that you drive on directly."

" Let him do it at his peril," cried the robber, in a menacing voice, and drawing forth, from the long side pocket of his surtout, a double-barrelled horse pistol, " stir not an inch, driver, if you value your safety. Before we part, sir," he added, turning to the gentleman in the chaise, " I must have your money or your life; neither delay nor trifling will be endured.

" There is in your portmanteau, that which will relieve all my wants; deliver me instantly the key; your pocket book, which I see you have dropped under your feet, must, with its contents, be also surrendered.

" Post-boy, alight this moment, throw aside your whip, stand steadily at the head of your horses, with your back to the carriage, and, unless you wish for a brace of slugs through your head, take not the least notice of what is passing."

The key of the portmanteau was produced, the cord and straps divided by a knife, and three hundred guineas, in two yellow canvas bags, were conveyed to the pockets of the highwayman.

Having thus amply supplied himself, he did not neglect the necessary means for ensuring his own safety; cutting pieces from the cord with which the baggage had been secured, he tied the hands and feet of the gentleman and driver, placed them in the chaise, then taking the harness from the horses, he let them loose on the heath, re-mounted his own gelding, and in less than twenty minutes, was again in company with the clergyman, to whom he gave a circumstantial account of the whole transaction: declared himself confirmed in his marauding system, spurred his horse, and wishing him a good night, galloped in a different direction, and by a less frequented path, across the heath.

The old gentleman soon reached his house, reflecting with a heavy heart on what had passed. A young, and in other respects, an amiable man, pleasing in his person, apparently well educated, and of vigourous intellect, thus obstinately persisting in a practice as well as a theory, opposite to all laws, human and divine, and defending plunder by argument, disordered his feelings, and kept him awake the greater part of the night.

Rising early in the morning, disturbed and unrefreshed, he repaired to the house of his brother, a magistrate, who resided in a neighbouring village, whom he informed of this singular adventure; having consulted together, they resolved,

with the assistance of a gentleman who presided at one of the public offices, to whom the clergyman immediately wrote, to watch the progress of the unhappy man, whose destruction they saw was certain.

What they dreaded and expected, soon came to pass ; in a few posts, a letter was received from London, informing them, that by means of one of the bank notes in the gentleman's pocket book, the robber had been traced and taken into custody.

So vigourous, indeed, were the means pursued, and so rapid the march of justice, in consequence of the judges of assize being sitting at the moment of the offender's apprehension; that an indictment was prepared, a bill found, and the culprit actually arrainged at the bar, by the time that the ecclesiastic was able to reach the place where he was tried.

He hurried into court, anxious to know whether the prisoner at the bar was the same person who had been the companion of his nocturnal journey, and in whose fate he felt himself strongly interested.

Pressing with some difficulty through the crowd, he instantly recognized him ; to add to the deep regret and sorrow he felt, a verdict of GUILTY, on evidence which it was impossible to resist, was pronounced against the culprit, at the moment he viewed him.

The worthy priest was not able to conceal the emotion he felt, on contemplating one who might have been an ornament to his country ; the delight and solace of his family, thus cut off in the prime of life ; resting his head on his bosom, tears, such as angels shed, gushed from his eyes ; the prisoner, after warm intercessions, suffered an ignominious death.

But the feelings of the clergyman did not overpower his sense of duty ; considering virtue as something more than a well turned period of harmonious words, and recollecting that the deceased had left a mother, a widow, and children, he hastened to them, and became a parent and a friend, promoting, and largely contributing to a subscription for their support and education.

In exercising the benevolent office he had undertaken, further information was procured concerning the unhappy young man.

He was the son of an industrious and successful mechanic, who had realized a small fortune, by frugality and perseverance : but instigated by the foolish vanity of his wife, and perhaps glad to make that an excuse for indulging his own, he had yielded in an unlucky moment, to a common but ruinous infatuation ; *he educated his eldest son genteely and extensively, that pernicious weakness in large families of small property.*

He thus taught his child to despise that humble but honest art which had raised *him* from indigence, the separate fabrication of some one part of the complex machinery of a watch; in the formation of which, human industry is divided into so many distinct branches, while the putting the whole together, and superintending its movements, constitutes another reputable employment.

Instead of treading in the footsteps of his father, which would have led him to health, peace, and competence, he became that most wretched of all human beings, *an accomplished gentleman, without fortune, and without possessing any one species of knowledge professional, intellectual, or manual, which would enable him to procure one.*

He had been taught to spend, and actually had spent, thousands, but had not been initiated in the more necessary art of earning a dinner.

But this was not the whole of the evil; in frivolous or vicious pursuits, such was the fatal, the false, the infatuating fondness of his father, in frivolous or vicious pursuits, he had dissipated a large portion of that property, which, at his parent's death, ought to have been divided among the surviving family.

The miserable old man felt, when it was too late, the effects of his injudicious partiality ; in the decline of life, he was deprived of those little indulgencies, those sweet reliefs of age and pain, to which honest industry is fairly entitled, and sunk into the grave under a complicated pressure of vexation, disease, and age.

This error, by some, *but not by me*, considered as venial ; in its effects distressing and highly culpable, destroyed the happiness of a family, and entailed on the victim of it a disgraceful death in this world, and everlasting perdition in that which is to come.

To the editor of the Lady's Miscellany.

Sir,

Should you think the following sentimental sketch worthy of insertion in your paper, I shall consider myself amply repaid by its publication.

THE SEDUCED FEMALE.

IT was a cold and tempestuous night in November, when walking near the Magdalene, in St. George's Fields, the voice of an unfortunate female arrested my attention. "Yes, poor abandoned Maria, (said she) this shall convince my unfeeling relations that I have a spirit too great to survive the loss I have sustained." I hastened to her assistance ; but, alas ! the fatal phial was emptied. She leaned on my arm, and with difficulty reached a house just by. Medical aid was immediately procured ; but every effort failed to counteract its pernicious effects. "Oh, sir," said she, in a voice scarcely audible, "would to God you had overtaken me a little sooner ; it might have prevented this sad catastrophe. But the poison——" Again she endeavoured to speak——"O my father could you

now behold your little darling"—Here her voice failed: the poison she had taken was of the most violent nature. In a few minutes, she exclaimed, with great agitation—"William! faithless youth! I forgive you."—Her features assumed a dreadful convulsive aspect, and a few moments after, she expired!

"Father of mercies!" thought I, "how mysterious and awful are thy ways! If suicide can meet compassion from an offended God, surely it must be the seduced female?" The remains of beauty were yet to be traced. Her height was majestic, her form extremely delicate. Her age appeared to be that period of life, when the imagination is lively, and glowing with all the animation of eighteen.—"Where is the villain, said I, who has seduced—who has murdered—this lovely female! can he have the face, the heart he has not, of a man?"

Had he been here to witness this final scene of her he once pretended to adore, methinks it would have been more tremendous than an earthquake to his seared conscience.

Unfortunate girl! may thy image haunt him, sleeping and walking—may every gust of wind that blows, reiterate to his mind, "Ruined Maria!" Where are thy parents, unhappy fair! Was it for this that a mother so often clasped thee to her breast, while the tear of affection trickled fast from her eyes? where, too, is thy father, who hath fondled thee on his knee, with all the tenderness of paternal love? Unnatural parents! thus to cast on an unpitying world, the forlorn victim of seduction! Could not all the ties of nature induce you to draw a veil over your daughter's misfortunes? The evening of life will now be clouded with the reflection of not having endeavoured to prevent her untimely death. Infamous is the wretch who seduced thee, who has caused thy miserable exit, and brought sorrow, which no time can heal, on a once happy family. Is there a righteous God, who will punish iniquity—and shall this escape.

ALFRED.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

Address to the Duke of Cumberland's Sharp Shooters.

Hail to the royal patron of that corps
Whose love and zeal for glory highly soar
The princely ERNEST, worthy Briton's love,
With "eye like Mars," and "beauteous front of Jove,"
Whose soul and sense with face and form combine,
Belov'd and honor'd, Prince of Brunswick line.
And ye brave followers of our ERNEST, hail!
Long may the rifle in your hands prevail.
Ye daring few, may victory ever smile
On thy bold enterprize, and hardy toil.
May conquest crown thee, and deserv'd success
Attend the banners of D. C. S. S.

Julia Francesca.

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A Challenge.

In times of chivalry and days of yore,
When every youth was skil'd in martial lore;
When deeds of prowess charm'd the heart and eyes,
In many a tournament for beauty's prize,
Arm'd and incas'd by steel from top to toe,
Behold the high-plum'd hero bowing low,
And to some rival knight the gauntlet throw.
Thus, in observance of chivalric days,
I ask, ye fair, your all inspiring praise....
I throw my glove, to single combat dare
Some bold North Briton, favor'd of the fair.
My cause I here avow, my claims impart,
The prize I fight for is Francesca's heart.
So nerve my arm, ye powers! my prowess bless,
Or rank me never more D. C. S. S.

Lines to A. S. S.

Since at length its become quite the taste of the times
To applaud all our gallant defenders in rhymes,
And the fair, to evince their poetical merit,
Extol to the skies all our soldiers of spirit....
First Francesca, a bold lofty subject to hit on,
Leads the van with a high be-plum'd loyal North Briton;
Then changing her theme as wild fancy shall suit her,
She brings up the rear with a Royal Sharp Shooter
And the REAY that illumin'd and shone in her lays
Is in ERNEST eclips'd by his still brighter rays.
For me who am only a plain simple lass,
Whose days in obscurity ever must pass;
Excuse the rude lay, should I try to impart
The ardour so loyal that reigns in my heart;
And with effort so humble, ability less,
No wonder my theme is an A. S. S.
Not an A SS with long ears and a tail,
Nor on two legs whose folly too oft does prevail;
No, believe me, the A. S. S. to my mind,
Is handsome, engaging, good humour'd and kind.
But with talents so small as poor Julia inherits,
'Twere vain to describe all his grace and his merits.
In a word she proclaims him, and who shall refute her,
A sensible, handsome *Artillery Sharp Shooter.*

Selections

Contempt.

BOLLIERE said contempt was a pill which might be swallowed, but which it was impossible to chew, without making wry faces.

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WIT is of a quality so dazzling, that it is very apt to conceal by its splendor, the dangers into which it leads its possessors. An unfortunate repartee, or a piece of ludicrous satire, often destroys friendship, creates enemies, and occasions irremediable uneasiness and pain.

When Aristippus returned from the court of Dionysius, he told Diogenes, if you knew how to manage kings, you need not feed on herbs; to which Diogenes retorted, if you could feed on herbs, you need not follow kings.

Aristippus being reproached for going well dressed, answered, If dress were a fault, we should not use our best array in the solemnities of the gods.

A Spartan boy being taken prisoner by Antigonus, and sold by auction, was extremely obedient to his master. But being ordered to do a low office, he answered, 'I will not.' The master insisting, the boy ran up to the roof of the house, and saying *Look at your bargain*, threw himself down, and was dashed in pieces.

Gorgias, the sophist, said, The drama is a deception by which he who *is* deceived, is wiser than him who is *not* deceived.

Pytheas, the daughter of Aristotle, being asked which is the most beautiful colour, answered, That of modesty.

King Lysimachus saying to Theodorus, "I shall kill you;" he answered, So can a wasp.

THE DISTRESSES OF A MODEST MAN.

By H. Repton, Esq.

My father was a farmer of no great property, and with no other learning than what he had acquired at a charity-school; but my mother being dead, and I an only child, he determined to give me that advantage which he fancied would have made him happy, viz. a learned education. I was sent to a country grammar school, and thence to the university, with a view of qualifying for holy orders. Here having but small allowance from my father, and being naturally of a timid and bashful disposition, I had no opportunity of rubbing off that native awkwardness which is the fatal cause of all my unhappiness, and which I now begin to fear can never be amended. I had therefore resolved on living at the university, and taking pupils when two unexpected events greatly altered the posture of my affairs, viz. my father's death, and the arrival of my uncle from the Indies.

This uncle I had very rarely heard my father mention, and it was generally believed that he was long since dead, when he arrived in England only a week too late to close his brother's eyes. I am ashamed to confess, what I believe has been often experienced by those, whose education has been better than their parents', that my poor father's ignorance and vulgar language, had often made me blush to think I was his son; and at his death I was not inconsolable for the loss of that, which I was not unfrequently ashamed to own. My uncle was but little affected, for he had been separated from his brother more than thirty years, and in that time he had acquired a fortune which he used to brag would make a nabob happy; in short, he had brought over with him the enormous sum of thirty thousand pounds, and upon this he built his hopes of never-ending happiness. While he was planning schemes of greatness and delight, whether the change of climate might effect him, or what other cause I know not, but he was snatched from his dreams of joy by a short illness, of which he died, leaving me heir to all his property. And now, sir, behold me at the age of twenty-five, well-stored with Latin, Greek, and mathematicks, possessed of an ample fortune, but so awkward and unversed in every gentleman-like accomplishment, that I am pointed at by all who see me, as the wealthy learned clown.

I have lately purchased an estate in the country, which abounds in (what is called) a fashionable neighbourhood; and when you reflect on my parentage, and uncouth manner, you will hardly think how much my company is courted by the surrounding families (especially by those who have marriageable daughters): from these gentlemen I have received familiar calls, and the most pressing invitations, and though I wished to accept their offered friendships, I have repeatedly excused myself under the pretence of not being quite settled; for the truth is, that when I rode or walked with full intent to return their several visits, my heart has failed me as I approached their gates, and I have frequently returned homeward, resolving to try again to-morrow.

However, I at length conquered my timidity, and three days ago accepted an invitation to dine this day with one, whose open, easy manner left me no room to doubt of a cordial welcome. Sir Thomas Friendly, who lives about two miles distant, is a baronet, with about two thousand pounds a year estate, joining that I purchased; he has two sons, and five daughters, all grown up, and living with their mother and a maiden sister of Sir Thomas's, at Friendly hall, dependant on their father. Conscious of my unpolished gait, I have for some time past, taken private lessons of a professor, who teaches grown gentlemen to dance; and tho' I, at first, found wonderous difficulty in the art he taught, my knowledge of the mathematicks was of prodigious use, in teaching me the equilibrium of my body, and the due ajustment of the centre of gravity to the five positions.

Having now acquired the art of walking without tottering, and learned to make a bow, I boldly ventured to obey the baronet's invitation to a family dinner, not doubting but my new acquirements would enable me to see the ladies with tolerable intrepidity; but alas! how vain are all the hopes of theory, when unsupported by habitual practice. As I approached the house a dinner bell alarmed my fears, lest I had spoiled the dinner by want of punctuality; impressed with this idea, I blushed the deepest crimson, as my name was repeatedly announced by the several livery servants who ushered me into the library, hardly knowing what or whom I saw; at my first entrance, I summoned all my fortitude, and made my new-learn'd bow to Lady Friendly; but unfortunately, in bringing back my left foot to the third position, I trod upon the gouty toe of Sir Thomas, who had followed close at my heels, to be the nomenclator of the family. The confusion this occasioned in me, is hardly to be conceived, since none but bashful men can judge of my distress, and of that description, the number, I believe, is very small. The baronet's politeness by degress dissipated my concern; and I was astonished to see how far good breeding could enable him to suppress his feelings, and to appear with perfect ease, after so painful an accident.

The cheerfulness of her ladyship, and the familiar chat of the young ladies, insensibly led me to throw off my reserve and sheepishness, till at length I ventured to join in conversation, and even to start fresh subjects. The library being richly furnished with books in elegant bindings, I conceived Sir Thomas to be a man of literature, and ventured to give my opinion concerning the several editions of the Greek classicks, in which the baronet's opinion exactly coincided with my own. To this subject I was led by observing an edition of Xenophon, in six volumes

which (as I had never before heard of such a thing) greatly excited my curiosity, and I rose up to examine what it could be; Sir Thomas saw what I was about, and (as I suppose) willing to save me the trouble, rose to take down the book, which made me more eager to prevent him, and hastily laying my hand on the first volume, I pulled it forcibly; but lo! instead of books, a board, which by leather and gilding, had been made to look like sixteen volumes, came tumbling down, and unluckily pitched upon a Wedgwood inkstand on the table under it. In vain did Sir Thomas assure me there was no harm; I saw the ink streaming from an inlaid table on the Turkey carpet, and scarce knowing what I did, attempted to stop its progress with my cambric handkerchief. In the height of this confusion, we were informed that dinner was served up, and I with joy perceived that the bell, which at first so alarmed my fears, was only the half-hour dinner-bell.

In walking through the hall and suite of apartments to the dining room, I had time to collect my scattered senses, and was desired to take my seat between Lady Friendly and her eldest daughter, at the table. Since the fall of the wooden Xenophon, my face had been continually burning like a fire-brand, and I was just beginning to recover myself, and feel comfortably cool, when an unlooked for accident rekindled all my heat and blushes. Having set my plate of soup too near the edge of the table, in bowing to Miss Dinah, who politely complimented the pattern of my waistcoat, I tumbled the whole scalding contents into my lap. In spite of an immediate supply of napkins to wipe the surface of my clothes, my black breeches were not stout enough to save me from the painful effects of this sudden fomentation, and for some minutes my legs and thighs seemed stewing in a boiling chauldron; but recollecting how Sir Thomas had disguised his torture when I trod upon his toe, I firmly bore my pain in silence, and sat with my lower extremities parboiled, amidst the stifled giggling of the ladies and the servants.

I will not relate the several blunders which I made during the first course, or the distress occasioned by my being desired to carve a foul, or help to various dishes that stood near me, spilling a sauce boat, and knocking down a salt seller; rather let me hasten to the second course, "where fresh disasters overwhelmed me quite."

I had a piece of rich sweet pudding on my fork, when Miss Louisa Friendly begged to trouble me for a pigeon that stood near me: in my haste, scarce knowing what I did, I whipped the pudding into my mouth, hot as a burning coal; it was impossible to conceal my agony; my eyes were starting from their sockets. At last in spite of shame and resolution, I was obliged to drop the cause of torment on my plate. Sir Thomas and the ladies all compassionated my misfortune, and each advised a different application; one recommended oil, another water, but all agreed that wine was best for drawing out the fire; and a glass of sherry was brought me from the sideboard, which I snatched up with eagerness; but oh! how shall I tell the sequel? Whether the butler by accident mistook, or purposely designed to drive me mad, he gave me the strongest brandy, with which I filled my mouth, almost flayed and blistered; totally unused to every kind of ardent spirits, with my tongue, throat, and palate, as raw as beef, what could I do? I could not swallow, and clapping my hands upon my mouth, the cursed liquor squirted through my nose and fingers, like a fountain, over all the dishes; and I was crushed by bursts of laughter from all quarters. In vain did Sir Thomas reprimand the servants and Lady Friendly chide her daughters; for the measure of my shame and their diversion was not yet complete. To relieve me from the intolerable state of perspiration which this accident had caused, without considering what I did, I wiped my face with that ill-fated handkerchief, which was still wet from the consequences of the fall of Xenophon, and covered all my features with streaks of ink in every direction. The baronet himself could not support this shock, but joined his lady in the general laugh; while I sprung from the table in despair, rushed out of the house, and ran home in an agony of confusion and disgrace, which the most poignant sense of guilt could not have excited.

Thus, without having deviated from the path of moral rectitude, I am suffering torments like a 'goblin damn'd.' The lower half of me has been almost broiled, my tongue and mouth grill'd, and I bear the mark of Cain upon my forehead; yet these are but trifling considerations, to the everlasting shame which I must feel, whenever this adventure shall be mentioned: perhaps by your assistance, when my neighbours know how much I feel on the occasion, they will spare a bashful man, and (as I am just informed my poultice is ready) I trust you will excuse the haste in which I subscribe myself yours, &c.

HOW TO LIVE! AFTER A DUCAL RECIPE.

IF the Duke of Q—— does not extend his life to a still longer period, it will not be for want of *culinary comforts*, and those other succulent arts by which *longevity* is best promoted. His Grace's sustenance is thus daily administered:—At seven in the morning he regales in a warm *milk bath*, perfumed with almond powder, where he takes his *coffee* and a *buttered muffin*, and afterwards retires to his bed; he rises about nine, and breakfasts on *coffee au lait*, with *new-laid eggs*, just parboiled; at eleven, he is presented with two *warm jellies and rusques*;—at one, he eats a *veal cutlet a la Maintenon*; at three, *jellies and eggs*; at five, a cup of *chocolate and rusques*;—at half after seven, he takes a *hearty dinner* from high seasoned dishes, and makes suitable libations to

claret and Madeira—at ten, *tea, coffee, and muffins ;*—at twelve, sups on a *roasted poulet*, with a plentiful dilution of *lime punch*—at one in the morning, he retires to bed in high spirits, and sleeps until three, when his *man cook*, to a moment, waits upon him in person, with a hot savory *veal cutlet*, which, with a portion of wine and water, prepares him for his further repose, that continues generally uninterrupted until the morning summons to his *lactean bath*. In this routine of *living comforts*, are the four and twenty hours invariably divided ; so that if his Grace does not know with *Sir Toby Belch*, "that our life is composed of the four elements," he knows at least, with Sir Andrew Aguecheek, "that it consists in *eating and drinking !*"

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THE VOYAGE.

AN IDYL.

From the German of Solomon Gessner.

It flies ! the vessel that bears Daphne to a distant shore. Ah ! may only Zephyr and the Loves play around her.

Waves ! float gently round the vessel ! When her tender looks view your idle gambols ; Gods ! she, then, will think of me.

May the birds which inhabit the groves that border on the shore, sing but for thee ! May the shrubs and the reeds, shaken by the gentle gale, invite thee to these shades !

O sea, be thy bright surface forever calm ! Never was more beauteous object confided to thy waves. The image of the sun, reflected by thy chrystal waters, is not so unsullied as her beauty.

Venus had not more charms, when she rose from the sea's resplendent foam, and mounted her silver car ; when, at her aspect, the enchanted Tritons forgot their noisy sports, forgot the nymphs with bulrushes all crowned.

They regarded not the troubled looks nor sneering smiles of the jealous nymphs, while, plunged in most delightful ecstacies, their eyes still pursued the transporting goddess to the shady banks.

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ANECDOTE.

One summer day, when the weather was very hot, Marshal Turenne was looking out of a window, dressed in a white waistcoat and cap. One of his servants, who, deceived by his dress, took him for one of the cooks, with whom he was intimate, came behind him softly, and gave him a smart slap with his hand, which was not very light. The marshal turned round. The servant, trembling, beheld the face of his master ; frightened to the last degree, he threw himself on his knees. 'My lord, I thought it had been George.' *And suppose it had been George*, replied the Marshal, rubbing the spot, *you should not have struck so hard.*

The following anecdote strongly points out the folly of those who propogate Infidelity and Atheism.

A servant, who had made the improvement which might have been expected from hearing the irreligious and blasphemous conversation continually passing at the table, where it was his place to wait, took an opportunity to rob his master. Being apprehended, and urged to give a reason for this infamous behaviour—"Sir, said he, I have so often heard you speak of the impossibility of a future state, and that after death there was no reward for virtue, or punishment for vice, that I was tempted to commit the robbery."

"Well, but," replied the master, 'had you no fear of that death, which the laws of your country inflict on a criminal ?' 'Sir,' rejoined the servant, looking sternly at his master, 'what is that to you ? If I had a mind to *venture that*, you had *removed* my *greatest* fear ; why should I fear the *less ?*'

To note the passing tidings of the times.

SATURDAY, FEB. 21.

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LONDON FEMALE FASHIONS.

WALKING DRESS.

A WALKING dress, of plain cambric muslin, with a single wrap front, and frock back.—A pelice of fawn-coloured sarsnet, trimmed all round with a mohair fringe, flowing open, but which is occasionally wrapped round the figure, as taste or inclination may direct.—Mountain bonnets, of natural straw, worn low on the forehead. Bow of fawn-coloured ribband on the left side, continued under the chin, and terminating there, with bows and ends. High shoes, and parasol of fawn colour, with white fringe and bows. Limerick gloves.

EVENING DRESS.

Plain clear muslin petticoat, with short train, worn over white sarsnet ; bordered at the bottom, a little above the hem, in a vandyke of shaded green chenille. A Spanish demi-robe of white satin, sloped in the form of a crescent, behind and before, and terminating on each side in a point, from whence is suspended a tassal of chenille ; the under waist plated in front, and a demi-rapper commencing on the right shoulder, crosses the bosom, and terminates on the left side of the waist ; worked backs, somewhat higher than usual ; an under sleeve of white satin, embroidered at the edge, to correspond with the bottom of the dress ; a muslin sleeve over, full at the bottom, and gathered into a pearl bunch in the centre of the arm.—Lace tucker to shade the bosom, quite straight. Flora cap of green velvet, with a flowing border of deep lace, caught up in front with a pearl ornament. Hair in crossed bands, with a few simple curls beneath, falling on one eyebrow. Pearl necklace, ear-rings and bracelets. White satin shoes ; and white kid gloves, above the elbow.

GENTLEMEN.

WALKING DRESS.

A plain, single-breasted frock, of brown or olive, with metal buttons; the waistcoat of striped toilinette, any colour, is rather longer than formerly; pantaloons, drab of all degrees, in general worn with huzzar boots; the hat is somewhat broader in the brim, and the hair, though less affecting the antique, is still much dressed out before.

EVENING DRESS.

Almost universally of dark bottle green double-breasted coat, with buttons of the same colour, covered or basket; sleeves wide, but to fit at the shoulders, and the skirt reaching down to the hollow of the knee—the waistcoat white, and the breeches a light drab.—the hair is invariably powdered, dressed high in front, and somewhat over the forehead in curls.—Buckles or strings at the knees, and in the shoes, are equally worn, but buckles are decidedly the most dressed.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

The neckcloth should, by no means, be too greatly puffed out; but should be neatly united in front with a large unspread bow.—Dark bottle green coats will be as generally worn this season, as those of brown colours were last winter.

For a morning dress, frock coats will be prevalent; those of an olive green hue, with a black velvet collar, will be the most universal. Fancied waistcoats, of all manufactures, may be worn with this kind of coat; but fashion ordains the invariable use of dark blue, or light-coloured kerseymere pantaloons, and half boots. The boots must raise somewhat higher in the leg, than has lately been the custom, and the toes of them should be formed in a perfect semi-circle.

Full dress coats will likewise be made of dark green cloth, double breasted, and will possess the similar ornament of a black velvet collar. Single breasted white waistcoats, and light coloured kerseymere breeches, will be in much estimation. Either flesh coloured, or snow white silk stockings, fashion now considers as elegant.

The hair, for morning dress, should be cut *a la Titus*; for full dress it should be powdered. Buckles for the shoes are employed in full dress; but ribbands are allowed in afternoon or dinner dress.

From the Daily Prints.

Important.

On the 31st of Dec. a treaty of Amity, Commerce, and Navigation, between this Country and Great Britian, was signed by the respective Negociators——and a Messenger was on the eve of departing for America, with a copy of the Treaty.

This important news was communicated to the merchants of Liverpool by Lord Howick, with a remark that the Treaty would not be published till it was ratified by the two governments. *N. Y. G.*

More good news if true.—A letter from a member of Congress says—'Our minister at Paris waited on the French minister of Marine, by whom he was informed, That the Decree of Berlin, of the 21st of Nov. was not to operate against the Commerce of the United States; and that our Convention with them should form the basis of their decisions.'

At Newburyport, during the last year, the marriages were 74, deaths 94, and births 273. of the latter, 125 were males, and 148 females.

Deaths in this city during the last week.—Men 16, Women 6, Boys 3, Girls 7.—Total 38.

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MARRIED,

On Saturday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Kuypers, Mr. David Perrine, merchant, to Miss Catharine Banta, both of this city.

On the 8th ult. by the rev. H. W. Hunt, Mr. John Dunham, of Hunterdon, New Jersey, to Miss Martha Washington Willis, of this city.

On Thursday evening last, by the rev. John Hobart, Mr. John W. Russel, (of the house of Post and Russel) to Miss Frances M. Talman, daughter of Samuel Talman Esq.

On Saturday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Milledoller, Mr. James Rockwell, to Miss Maria Beaton, both of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Kunzie, Mr. Jacob Freeland, of N. Jersey, to Miss Catharine Baum, of this city.

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DIED,

On Monday evening, Mrs. Susan Park, wife of Capt. Benjamin Park, aged 30 years.

On Friday 13th inst. Miss Louisa C. Livingston, daughter of the honorable Brockholst Livingston, in the sixteenth year of her age.

On Monday last, Mr. Henry Coulthard.—— Monday evening, Mr. Isaac Whippo, aged 54.

At Alexandria, on the 9th inst. William Craik, Esq. late a representative in Congress.

Now Publishing,
By J. T. Buckingham, Winter-Street, Boston,
THE POLYANTHOS,
A Periodical Work.

Continued regularly, the first day of every month, ornamented with engraved likenesses of distinguished persons. Each number contains 72 pages, small duodecimo; consisting of biography, original essays; selections of historical, moral, pathetic, and humourous pieces; dramatic biography and anecdotes; extracts from new and popular plays; original and selected poetry; the drama, literary notices; &c. &c.

Correct likenesses of the following persons with memoirs of their lives annexed, have already appeared in the work.

No. 1. Rev. Jeremiah Belnap, D. D. from an original painting by H Sargent, in the possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

2. Mr. Cooper, of the New-York theatre, from a minature by R. Field.

3. Commodore Preble from an original painting done at Naples.

4. Hon. George Richards Minot, Es.

5. Mr. Bernard of the Boston theatre, from a minature by R. Field.

6. Benjamin Waterhouse, professor of the theory and practice of medicine in the university at Cambridge.

7. John Winthrop, Es. the first governor of Massachusetts.

8. Major-General Anthony Wayne.

9. The Rev. Peter Thatcher, D. D.

10. Samuel Adam's, Es. late governor of Massachusetts.

11. Mrs. Darley, of the New-York theatre.

12. Major-General Joseph Warren.

13. Rev. Mather Byles, D. D.

14. Mrs. Stanly of the Boston theatre.

In the course of the work will be given portraits of all the most celebrated performers on the American stage. Subscriptions for the work at 3 dollars per annum, payable in advance, are received by Messrs. Brisban & Brannan, No. 1 City Hotel.

Feb. 21.

For the Lady's Miscellany

SELECTED.

THE OXONIAN.

A crazy tale.

A young Oxonian not o'erstock'd with know-
ledge,
—Like many others who are sent to college—
Who, taken from their country schools
And dread-inspiring birch,
Are put apprentices to Mistress Church,
And learn to make themselves consummate fools.
But to my tale ;—this son of *sable hues*
Would oft his leisure hours amuse,
When unobserved, take copious draughts of wine
And get his *cranium* in a pretty funk,
Or get, in plainer English—*schreeching drunk*—
Moreover he was fond of cards and dice—
(These latter days too prevalent a vice)
Could swear and run in debt, and, when forsooth,
Some luckless tradesman would *request* this youth
" To have the *condescension* to discharge
His bill, which now was growing *rather* large"
He'd kick his breech or pluck the catiff's hairs,
And knock him down a dozen pair of stairs.
This, to be sure now, was not *very civil*,
And shews, that cassocks sometimes clothe the
devil.

These pretty tricks the reader may *rely*,
Could not be long conceaked
From dame Inspection's penetrating eye—
But to the President were soon revealed—
In vain did he his hapless fate bewail—
In vain for pardon did the youth implore—
(Which oft had been obtained by bribes before)
Then dropt a piteous tear—
Nor prayers nor tears will *now* avail—
He's summon'd to appear.

High on his chair the Reverend Father sat,
In all the dignity of—pride and fat ;
High on his head, his wig portentous frown'd
The youth with dread beheld his awful state—
Decider of his good or evil fate—
Whilst thus his word thro'out the hall resound :

" Young man—
As life is but a span,
It ought to be our constant care,
Whilst we are suffer'd to remain on earth,
To tread in Virtue's path, and thus prepare
Our souls to meet a future birth.
It is with sorrow I'm obliged to say
Your conduct the reverse of this does prove—
I'm told that you disdain fair Virtue's sway,
That through the various scenes of Vice you
rove ;
That, 'stead of minding Homer, you are sporting
Without a sigh, your honour'd father's fortune.
Desist rash youth,—no more his bosom sting—
Or if you'd wish your father's *life* to save,
Reform your conduct or you'll surely bring
His old grey hairs with sorrow to the grave."

The youth here smiling, rose, and rising, cried,
" Excuse my interrupting your discourse,
To me a very painful source,
Though certainly too well applied—
But, sir, I beg permission to remark
That I am not afraid of what you mention,
Although," observes our hopeful spark,
" I thank you for your good intention :
You say, If I continue thus to sting
My father's bosom, I shall surely bring
His grey hairs to the grave with sorrow big—
On *that* score, Reverend Sir, withhold your fears,
Lord, Sir,—my father, for these thirty years,
Has worn a wig !"

Giafar.

ELEGIAC STANZAS ON MYSELF.

By the late Thomas Dermody.

To Pleasure's wiles an easy prey,
Beneath this sod a bosom lies ;
Yet spare the meek offender's clay,
Nor part with dry averted eyes.

O stranger ! if thy wayward lot
Thro folly's heedless maze has led,
Here nurse the true the tender thought,
And fling the wild flower on his head.

For he, by tuneful fancy rear'd,
(Tho' ever dumb he sleeps below)
The stillest sigh of anguish heard,
And gave a tear to every woe.

Oh ! place his dear harp by his side,
(His harp, alas ! his only hoard ;)
The salty breeze at even tide
Will trembling kiss each weeping chord.

Oft on yon crested cliff he stood,
When misty twilight stream'd around ;
To mark the slowly heaving flood,
And catch the deep waves sullen sound.

Oft when the rosy dawn was seen
'Mid blue to gild the blushing steep,
He trac'd o'er yonder margent green,
The curling cloud of fragrance sweep.

Oft did he pause the lark to hear,
With speckled wing the skies explore ;
Oft paus'd to hear the slow flock near :
But he shall hear and see no more.

Then, stranger, be his foibles lost ;
At such small foibles Virtue smil'd :
Few was their number, large their cost,
For he was Nature's orphan child.

The graceful drop of pity spare,
(To him the bright drop once belong'd)
Well, well his doom deserves thy care ;
Much, much he suffer'd, much was wrong'd.

When taught by life its pangs to know,
Ah ! as thou roam'st the checquer'd gloom,
Bid the sweet night-bird's numbers flow,
And the last sunbeam light his tomb.

.....

ON A PICTURE OF SAPPHO.

Yes sure 'twas Nature's self who drew
That mein, those features which I view,
Who thus portray'd the Lesbian form !
I mark her eyes that seem to rove
Full-fraught with fancy and with love,
And sparkling glow with passion warm :

I mark around her shape and air
What graces play and hover there ;
How well the pencil's power has traced
The genius of the heaven-born Muse,
And all the charms and roseate hues
That e'er the Queen of beauty graced !

TERMS OF THE LADY'S MISCELLANY.

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